

Z O R I N S K I:

*A P L A Y,*

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
*THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.*

BY THOMAS MORTON,

AUTHOR OF COLUMBUS, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,  
*&c. &c. &c.*

*A NEW EDITION.*

LONDON:

*Printed by A. Strahan, Printer's Street,*  
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1800.

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Casimir (King of Poland),	-	-	-	-	Mr. AICKIN.
Zorinski,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Rodonsko,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BENSLEY.
Radzano,	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Zarno,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
O'Curragh,	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Amalekite,	-	-	-	-	Mr. SUETT.
Witiski,	-	-	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Naclo,	-	-	-	-	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Rosolia,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Rachel,	-	-	-	-	Miss LEAK.
Winifred,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. BLAND.



Peasants, Soldiers, Assassins, &c.

# Z O R I N S K I.

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## A C T I.

SCENE I.—CRACOW—a View of the DIET—  
*Bells ringing—a number of People discovered,  
among them RADZANO disguised.*

*Enter WITSKI.*

WITSKI.

MAKE way there for the King!—here he comes!  
—here comes great Casimir!

*Rad.* That slave I do remember—save thee,  
fellow!—whose vassal art thou?

*Wit.* Marry, courteous stranger! I tend the mill  
of the Lord Rodomsko, Castellan of Wounitz, here  
in Cracovia.

*Rad.* Rememberest thou the Lord Radzano?

*Wit.* Remember him—alack! the day—the last  
time I beheld his gallant form was on the battle-  
ments of his castle—then a very stripling—when  
my present Lord besieged it.

*Rad.* So then Radzano was by force expelled—  
pry'thee the story.

*Wit.* If this addle pate of mine play me no trick, marry, thus it was: During the troubles of the late reign—peaceful right was elbowed out by warlike might: Then Rodomsko our present Lord, taking 'vantage of the time when our troops were on the frontier, tugging with the common enemy, made inroad on us: on this Radzano hied him back to his castle; but, alack! might cuffed down right; and in the encounter our good brave lord was slain. Ah, stranger! that was a grievous day!

*Rad.* So—I still am lord then of my vassals' hearts.—Fellow, I thank thee for thy story; a day may come when I'll requite thy love for thy lost lord—but soft, the King.

*Wit.* Ay, here he comes—so majestic, and yet so humble; so just, and yet so merciful—The benizon of heaven light on him! he's the poor man's friend.

*Rad.* (*Shewing a paper*) If thy report be true the wrongs here written may meet atonement—Stand back; he approaches.

*Chorus of Peasants.*

Hail! mighty King!  
 'Tis love that elevates our strains,  
 'Tis joy the swelling note sustains,  
 To thee we call!  
 Welcome as the God of day,  
 Who pours his animating ray  
 Alike on all.  
 Hail! mighty King!

*During*



*During the Chorus, Guards, Officers, and Nobles enter in Procession ;  
at the conclusion, the King, Cardinal, and Nobles.*

*Casimir (to the Cardinal).* By my faith, well urged !—Lord Cardinal, your words befit as well the objects of true policy as they attune with the holy mandate of your calling. Yes ! our country shall have peace !—true ; these Teutonic Knights have disgraced their order, turning from christian service and true chivalry, to deeds of usurpation and dominion : yet nerved, though we are to check these ravagers, it befits us rather with firm expostulation to meet our enemy than risk our subjects' blood in keen encounter : let conquerors astound the ear with the din of war, the trumpet's clangor, and the groans of captives—be mine the clamours of my people's love.

*As the King passes on RADZANO kneels—CASIMIR takes the Petition—looks at it—stops suddenly, and with scrutinizing eye examines RADZANO—approaches him.*

*Cas. (in a low tone)* Radzano !

*Rad.* He.

*Cas.* Amazement !—My good Lords proceed you to the Diet. [*Exeunt Lords. He waves his hand to the people, who exeunt.*]

*Rad.* My gracious King !—(*kneels.*)

*Cas.* Rise to my heart—say, what fair fortune has preserved thee to me ?

*Rad.* A woman, good my liege, and fair as fortune e'er was pictured; yet, in sooth, without her fickleness, and only blind in her fond love of me. My King may well remember when I left the embattled frontier.

*Cas.* Remember it! by my sword I had reason; for with thee went this body's buckler. O my best soldier! 'twas this arm first taught thee the rudiments of war, when scarcely truncheon high—but my love breaks in upon my story—on.

*Rad.* I reached my castle time enough to see its ruin—Rodomsko triumphed. In a remote apartment constructed for concealment, I lay hid, hoping for life and better days; that apartment was selected for Rodomsko's daughter, the beautiful Rosolia: to her pitying ear I told my story; and her soft bosom, rich in nature's best endowments, soon matured compassion into love. At a fit time I fled.

*Cas.* Whither, good Radzano?

*Rad.* To England, my loved Lord! there I sojourned till fame proudly proclaimed that justice was again enthroned in Poland; for there reigned great Casimir. For that justice thus I bend my knee; and my boon is, that my tongue may denounce Rodomsko villain! and my good sword avenge my wrongs.

*Cas.* Then I refuse thy boon.

*Rad.* Dread liege! heaven will make the good cause prosperous!

*Cas.*

*Cas.* Radzano, link not heaven with murder!—  
if heaven recognized the sword's abitrament,  
Rodomsko ne'er had triumphed—droop not, my  
friend—by my crown thou shalt have justice!—  
even now in angry parle I meet Rodomsko! these  
hot lords, who live but in a storm, urge me to  
renew the war—but of that hereafter—uncloud  
thee—be thyself—attend me at the Diet—once  
more, Radzano, welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Draws and discovers the Country  
near CRACOW—RACHEL and Slaves at work.*

*Enter AMALEKITE—the Slaves bow.*

*Ama.* Again, again, dat ish goot—now vork,  
you damned Polish dogs! or bastinado's the  
vord. Rachel: come here, you slut—you auda-  
cious—delicious little tit—(*aside*) Come here, I  
say (*angrily*)—Must speak crofs before dem—but  
my little plump cherry, I be's not angry.

*Rac.* Dear Sir! then what makes you look so  
terrible?

*Ama.* It's the mild tender passion of love—  
(*with amorous fervour*)—You know, Rachel, 'twas  
for your sake I did not turn your fader Witski  
out of his mill to starve, tho' he dare laugh at me—  
me, Amalekite Grabowski, chief agent to Lord  
Rodomsko—Castellan of Wounitz in Cracovia;  
so you sees how I loves you.



*Rac.* Oh! I'm sure you don't; for lovers sigh, and kneel, and —

*Ama.* Kneel; oh, dear! I cannot do's dat—what a pity's love is such a foe to dignity! I say, Rachel; (*looks to see whether the peasants observe him*) I say—how do you contrive to have so soft a hand? (*enter Witski*) I should suppose labours would make it hard; (*fumbling and kissing it*) but I declare it's as smooth and as soft—bless my soul—(*during this, Witski advances, bows low and close to Ama. who, by accident, lays his hand on his head*) Oh, Lud! vat ish dat—stand off.

*Wit.* You know, Sir, you always told me to shew you homage.

*Ama.* Yes! but at an awful distance.

*Wit.* True; but seeing your honour so close to my daughter, I thought I might be treated in the family way (*laughs aside*).

*Ama.* Now he's grinning again! Rachel had behaved ill, so I was punishing her—vas not I punishing you, young vomans?

*Rac.* Yes, indeed you were, Sir.

*Ama.* Go to work, Huffy! So, Witzki, you've been at Cracow?

*Wit.* Yes, your honour! and here is the produce of the flour for our Lord—(*gives a purse*) and here you know, Sir, is the — for the steward (*gives another*).

*Ama.* (*putting one in each pocket*) Yes! Yes! dat ish vary goot—vare you going?

*Wit.*



*Wit.* Home to my wife.

*Ama.* (*turning quick round*) Ah! how does she do? she's a very pretty little womans!

*Wit.* My wife too! was there ever such an old—  
*O'Curragh* (*without*) Hollo!

*Enter O'CURRAGH.*

*O'Cur.* Pray is there ever a Jew faced creature?  
(*Wit*ski points to *Amalekite*—and exit) Pray Mr. Jew is your Christian name *Amalekite*?

*Ama.* *Amalekite* ish my name.

*O'Cur.* Then how are you? how are you?  
(*Amalekite*, in action, demands obeisance) Well, I'll indulge you—there—(*bows*) but you might have the civility to return it.

*Ama.* I'm in office!——

*O'Cur.* And I suppose like other great men you have stooped so low to get therè that your back has been cramped ever since; but come, to business—look there—(*shows a letter*) and be secret, snug—dumb as a potatoe.

*Ama.* (*reads*) “Your Lord Radzano greets  
“you”—holy Abraham! is he alive?

*O'Cur.* Hush!

*Ama.* “Your Lord Radzano greets you; e'en  
“now he is arrived in Cracow, to claim his rights,  
“and crush that usurper Rodomsko”—bless my  
soul!—“do you win the vassals to his interest—  
“he who brings this will instruct you farther:  
“be faithful, and you will be rewarded.

“RADZANO.”

Bless

Bless my soul, what shall I do? Radzano has the right; but then Rodomsko has the possession—bless my conscience, what shall I do? then Radzano is in great favour with the King—bless my conscience, what shall I do? but then Rodomsko is in great favour with the nobility—bless my conscience, what shall I do?

O'Cur. Who comes here?

Ama. Stand aside—it is the Lord Rodomsko, who passes here in his way to the diet—stand aside (*puts up the letter, and O'Curragh retires*).

*Enter RODOMSKO and Train—AMALEKITE bows very low—the Slaves prostrate themselves.*

Ama. Heaven save our gracious Lord!

Rod. Hast thou ought to impart?

Ama. Nothing, dread Lord.

Rod. Are the slaves obedient?

Ama. Yes, dread Lord.

Rod. On to Cracow. [*Exeunt Rodomsko and train.*

O'Cur. (*comes forward*) I say, this Lord Rodomsko is a stiff crabbed kind of a —

Ama. Oh! he keeps the slaves in proper subjections.

O'Cur. Proper subjection! I'll tell you what; he appears to me like the great tall thistle in the potatoe garden, which bothers every one who touches it, and prevents the humble fruit from arriving at the wholesome maturity Nature intended. Oh! I wish I had the docking of him—now my Lord Rodzano is so humane, so polished, so—gallant—so—

Ama.

*Ama.* Hah! hah! I suppose he has brought over with him what will please the ladies.

*O'Cur.* Faith! you may say that, for he has brought me over with him.

*Ama.* And I hope he is hospitable and charitable, and all—that damned stuff! (*aside.*)

*O'Cur.* Oh! he has been sucking in the breath of it in little England, Mr. Amalekite. Oh! confound your name; could they not have called you Nebuchadnezzar, or Mac Laughlin, or O'Shaughnessy, or any easy agreeable name of that sort—Oh! we shall have such jolly doings; every heart will wear the face of joy, and all countenances, men, women, cows, Jews, and sheep, must all be on the broad grin.

*Ama.* I must consider—which of my Lords shall I betray?—bless my conscience!—Slaves, treat this stranger with all respect, and give him the song of welcome—you will follow me. It's a very puzzling case; Radzano has the right—Rodomsko has—bless my conscience! [*Exit.*

*Slaves approach and prostrate themselves to O'CURRAGH.*

*O'Cur.* Thank you, thank you! oh! low enough in conscience—what are you at? what are you at, jewels?—keep your fore paws off the ground, and don't make bulls of yourselves—stand up I say—Heaven never meant its own image should be so degraded!



## ZORINSKI:

## SONG—RACHEL.

Courteous stranger,  
 Now free from danger ;  
 And laughing at departed care and labour ;  
 Thy cares unbending,  
 Thy journey ending,  
 Now frisk it to the merry pipe and tabor.

## II.

Welcome stranger, welcome here,  
 An humble welcome, but sincere ;  
 From the lowly slaves receive,  
 All, alas ! they have to give.  
 Courteous stranger, &c.

## III.

May the savage beast of prey  
 Ne'er cross thee on thy lonely way !  
 And, returning, may't thou find,  
 Thy friend sincere, thy mistress kind !  
 Courteous stranger, &c.  
*[Exeunt different sides.]*

SCENE III.—*The DIET.*

*The KING (seated), CARDINAL, RODOMSKO, Nobles, &c.*

*Cas.* In pursuance of our purpose we have appointed my Lord Cardinal our ambassador, to conclude a peace with the Teutonic Knights.

*Rod.* Peace ! Is then a soldier, the world's right arm, to wither and decay, that hordes of priests, with their beads and crofiers, may preach us into cowards ? but I wonder not ! for since the great Zorinski was disgraced——

*Cas.*



*Cas.* What of him?

*Rod.* He was honest.

*Cas.* He was proud and inflexible! but forbear to name him.

*Rod.* Since, Sire, you have banished from your councils those hardy spirits who alone were fit to aid the public weal, naught now will down but peace—"the general good—these are the entrapping blandishments held out for emancipating slaves, privileging towns, and using every circumventive art to crush the power of the nobility!—peace! let my Lord Cardinal preach its blessings—I hate it!" What! gentlemen of Poland! shall your goodly cimeters canker in their sheaths, while those usurping Knights despoil your borders?

*Cas.* (*coming forward*) Fiery Lord! hear me. If it be my duty to root out usurpation and foul conspiracy, why need I wage the war on Pomerania's borders, when my eye's scope comprehends an object that would give vengeance full employment?

*Rod.* Sire! Rodomsko scorns base fear! nor will he shun inquiry—thou would demand, how came I by my power? my answer is, by valourous achievement—by conquest—the soldiers tenure! but why waste we words? Radzano being dead—who is there?—

*Cas.* (*holds up his finger*) Indeed!

*Enter*

*Enter RADZANO.*

*Rod.* Lightnings blast him!—

*Caf.* Behold the wronged Radzano; what can't thou urge?

*Rod.* I cannot battle it with words—'twas this good arm that gave me power; 'tis this good arm that will maintain it!—follow me—thou wilt not find it palsied, boy (*both going*).

*Caf.* On your allegiance, hold!—still the friend to gentle peace; still anxious to preserve the most rebellious drop of subjects' blood—let me propose between you terms where love may grow, and honour ratify them. Rodomsko, Radzano loves thy daughter.

*Rod.* Indeed!

*Caf.* Let her be mediatrix between you; let holy marriage with their hands unite your hearts; so live in equal power and love—what says Radzano?

*Rad.* My King has spoken my soul's fondest hope!

*Rod.* (*aside*) Hold—hold—this marriage has some promise in't—it gives Radzano to my power—and should the confederate Lords—it shall be so.

*Caf.* That scowling brow looks not consent.

*Rod.* Then, my liege, it wrongs my heart. 'Tis true I have not that April face that clouds and shines at every gust of grief or joy; but 'tis my rugged nature;—I pray you bear with it. Radzano! here's my hand.

*Rad.*

*Rad.* (*pressing it to his bosom*) Thus let it stamp upon my heart a son's obedience; and to oblivion give each hostile thought!

*Cas.* Rodomsko, hie you to your castle; for e'en this night in person we will progress thither, and consummate this happy union. (*Rod. bows.*)

*Rod.* (*aside*) So—then a Lord of Poland, great in birth and arms, preserves his dignities by the arch dimples of a puling girl—Oh, Cupid! how I honor thee! [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Oh, Radzano! let me pour into thy breast my griefs—the wrongs I bear from these injurious Lords press hard upon me! but I am rich in poor men's prayers, and that's a kingly solace. Oh! I would rise unto my people like the god of day to Lapland's icy sons after his wintry absence! What! not a word, Radzano? I see the lover dulls the patriot—but I forgive it—away to thy Rosolia—yet mark her father—watch well Rodomsko—e'en now conspiracy's at work against my throne and person: yet 'spite of impending death I'll on!—farewel, my friend! (*Radzano bows, and exit*). My goods Lords, attend me! Oh, my country! let me but save thee— [*Exeunt,*]

#### SCENE IV.—RODOMSKO'S Castle.

*Enter RODOMSKO, reading a letter.*

*Rod.* “The Confederates greet thee, brave Rodomsko! if they have appeared inactive, 'twas  
“as nature stilly pausing, before the coming storm;  
“for



“ for ’tis resolved that Casimir shall fall.” Ven-  
 geance, I thank thee! “ Forty chosen men are  
 “ ready for the achievement, waiting but a leader—  
 “ know, Rodomsko, in thy mines dwells a man  
 “ fashioned to conduct the daring enterprize—  
 “ seek him instantly—the brave fellow who brings  
 “ this, by whose dejected brow thou’lt see he’s  
 “ ripe for murder, will conduct thee to the man  
 “ we seek—farewel! and triumph.”—Now trem-  
 ble, Casimir—But soft, the—messenger from  
 the Lords approaches—what says my letter? (*enter*  
*O’Curragh, smiling*)—dejected brow! if the mind’s  
 construction be indexed in the face, this man  
 bears sweet content about him—Health to thee,  
 friend!

*O’Cur. (aside)* Mighty civil however.

*Rod.* Instruct me in your fortunes.

*O’Cur.* What, my history?—Oh! I’ll tell your  
 Lordship; and a sweet piece of geography it is—  
 The first thing I know is that I don’t know where  
 I was born, for nobody could tell me; and being  
 young myself at the time, it has slipped my me-  
 mory.

*Rod.* Shallow babler!—thy name?

*O’Cur.* O’Curragh, the faithful servant of Lord  
 Radzano.

*Rod. (with irritation)* Com’st thou from him?  
 well—well—what of him?—dispatch—

*O’Cur.* He sent me, his humble servant, to ex-  
 press his sorrow that he can’t, where he is, throw  
 himself



himself at the feet of the fair Rosolia. I make his excuses clumsily; but were he here himself, he'd make a much better apology for his absence.

*Rod.* Begone, fellow!

*O'Cur.* I have the pleasure to take my leave. Oh! how my master sighs—and then he closes his eyes, and looks so tenderly—

*Rod.* Away! I say—that gallery leads to my daughter's apartment—prattle these gewgaws there—each mawkish nothing will, on her love-sick taste, drop sweet as Hybla's honey.—Away!—*(exit O'Curragh)* for here comes one who embodies well the picture given.

*Enter NACLO.*

*Nac.* The confederated Lords greet thee!

*Rod.* Thou art welcome!—approach—nearer—nearer—know'st thou the drift of this?

*Nac.* Aye, dread Lord!

*Rod.* Then bring me to him we seek—yet hold, tell me the manner of the man, that I may better wind about his heart, and trap him to my purpose; is he——

*Nac.* By turns, my Lord, everything—sometimes, mocking the horror of his fate, he out-toils the slave, anon he starts from his labour, and with indignation grasps his spade as 'twere the sceptre that swayed the world. The foolish knaves in the mine say that love hath crazed him; but, to my thinking, he resembles more the hungry vulture than the sorrowing dove.

*Rod.* The picture's big with promise; conduct me to him—how shall I best approach him? nay, prythee lead;—'tis strange!

[*Exeunt, ruminating; Naclo leads.*]

SCENE V.—*The Country.*

*Enter O'CURRAGH.*

*O'Cur.* Upon my honour this Lady Rosolia is a bewitching creature; and now that she has passed the ordeal of constancy, which is by looking me over without so much as an ogle at me—why, my master may call himself a happy man. I don't know how it is, but I think this snug agreeable person of mine is a sort of a female test; just like a bit of rough glass that they try money on—and have you found any bad ones, O'Curragh? oh! sweet Mrs. Flannigan for that—never shall I forget!—

SONG—O'CURRAGH.

(*At the dead of the night.*)

At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspired,  
And pretty Katty Flannigan my senses had fired,  
I tapped at her window, when thus she began,  
Oh! what the devil are you at?—get out you naughty man.

II.

I gave her a look, oh! as fly as a thief,  
Or when hungry, I'd view a fine surloin of beef:  
My heart is red hot, says I, but cold is my skin,  
So pretty Mrs. Flannigan—oh! won't you let me in?

She

## III.

She opening the door, I sat down by the fire,  
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold and mire:  
 And I pleased her so mightily, that e'er it was day,  
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripped away.

*O'Cur.* Thinking of old times has given me  
 such a comical feel, that if any pretty creature  
 was to come across me, I fancy I should be rather  
 agreeable company. In faith you are in luck,  
*O'Curragh*, for here comes that delicious morsel  
 that sung her Polish planxty so sweetly.

*Enter RACHEL.*

*Rac.* Heigh! ho! where can my dear Zarno  
 tarry so long? he knows I have but an hour from  
 work, and yet he is not come (*seeing O'Curragh*,  
*bows*).

*O'Cur.* Bend not to me, sweet one; rather let  
 me kneel to you: you ladies are the lords of the  
 creation (*kneels*).

*Enter ZARNO—starts.*

*Zar.* Rachel! (*RACHEL runs to ZARNO and  
 embraces him.*) How dare you insult my Rachel?  
 she's mine, alone mine:—I love her.

*O'Cur.* Then she's alone mine too, for I love  
 her; and if I've insulted her, I flatter myself I  
 can give her satisfaction.—Insult! I don't like  
 that.—Pray, Sir, would you just step aside and



condescend to explain that word insult? here's the prettiest chopper of logic (*pointing to his sword*).

*Zar.* I understand you; but I dare not.

*O'Cur.* Dare not! you paltry—

*Zar.* Hear me:—not for myself I fear, but for her. Should a freeman be killed in a slave's quarrel, she would suffer, she would be punished.

*O'Cur.* In love with the girl, and yet for her sake dares not defend her! that's hard, that's hard: but can't we manage it any how?

*Zar.* Yes! if you're a man, conceal our cause of quarrel, and I'll shew you what I dare.—I can find a sword.

*O'Cur.* Poor fellow! oh, what a pleasure it will be to fight him!—Upon my honour our cause of dispute shall be a secret.

*Zar.* Thank you, thank you; come along.

*Rac.* Oh! pray don't quarrel, Sir!

*O'Cur.* Quarrel! not at all, not the least animosity. If I should kill him, I'll give you leave to ax him whether I did it in passion.

*Rac.* But why fight at all?

*O'Cur.* Upon my conscience I can't immediately tell why we fight.—Oh! it's for your sake—

*Rac.* I shall hate you.

*O'Cur.* Hate me! upon my honour I'm so unused to hear a woman say that, that it confuses—oh, this head! this head! what am I at? going to kill a man about a woman that don't care for



me!—Come here, come here: there, my dear boy, there's satisfaction (*joins their hands*).

*Zar.* You're a generous fellow!

*O'Cur.* But why don't you marry?

*Rac.* Because I am a slave, and Zarno can't afford to buy me.

*O'Cur.* Buy you! upon my conscience I should like to buy a flock of such pet lambs!—" But as  
" you both seem tolerably built for running, why  
" don't you trot off in a canter?

" *Zar.* Because, if Rachel were taken, her lord  
" would kill her.

" *O'Cur.* Then he'd be hanged for it.

" *Zar.* Ah! no. I have heard there was a  
" good law once, that made a lord pay a fine  
" for killing a man; but it's never put in force  
" now.

" *O'Cur.* A fine for killing a man! a good old  
" law do you call that?"—What a devil of a spot  
have I got into here! oh, what a picked place  
is little Ireland to this! we're poor enough to be  
sure; but what of that? we can fight when we  
please, can work when we please, aye, and starve  
when we please; and we can flourish our shilalahs,  
and strut about our potatoe-garden like a collection  
of emperors! [Exit.

*Zar.* Adieu, dear Rachel! I must go back to  
the salt-mine.

*Rac.* Ah, Zarno! why do you remain in that mine?—nay, don't be angry:—you who lived in Cracow with the great Zorinski, were dressed in furs and silk; and now you wear the basest garments.

*Zar.* My dear Rachel! I have reasons I cannot explain.

*Rac.* What! not to me, Zarno?

*Zar.* Should Zorinski know I have divulged—

*Rac.* Zorinski!

*Zar.* Ugh! (*putting his hand to his mouth*) Eh!—why should not I—bless her! does not she deserve to be trusted?—Rachel, I'll tell thee a secret, which, if known, would cost Zarno his life.

*Rac.* Would Zorinski kill thee?

*Zar.* No; but I would kill myself for having betrayed him. Know then, in that dreary mine dwells the great Zorinski! Mark: when Casimir was crowned, Zorinski, who was all in all with the late king, could not bear the thwarts Casimir put on him; a quarrel ensued, and my master, though I love him, was much to blame:—disgrace followed. His house, which had been the hive of courtiers, became deserted; away they flew; his great soul could not brook it: with despairing brow and knotted arms I saw him leave the city; and sadly he walked along till he reached the opening of the mine.

*Rac,*

*Rac.* What ! to throw himself down headlong, and end his life ?

*Zar.* I dreaded it ; so fell at his feet : he took me by the hand ; a big tear fell on it ; he blushed ; called me his faithful Zarno ; bade me farewell, and gave me liberty : from that moment I became his slave. We descended into the mine ; and I have attended him, and carried him his food—aye, and ever will. Ah, my dear master, never will Zarno leave thee ! I shared his prosperity, and shall I desert him now ?—no, no. Now, Rachel, thou hast the secret ; and thus I seal it up.—Farewel.

*Rac.* But may not we hope for happier days, Zarno ?

## DUET.—ZARNO and RACHEL.

*Rachel.* When first this little heart began  
To feel an impulse tender,  
You slyly came ; too faithless man,  
And taught it to surrender.

*Zarno.* That dear reproach, which seems to chide  
The conquest it confesses,  
By words alone affects to hide  
What every look expresses.

*Both.* Then let us hope for the wedding-day,  
When we may merry make O ;

*Rachel.* Care away, Zarno near ;

*Zarno.* Lip .o Lip, Rachel dear.



## ZORINSKI:

*Both.* And when to church we hie away,  
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong will go  
The merry bells at Cracow.

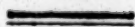
*Rachel.* Sweet hours of love ! but short as sweet,  
For Rachel's bloom must alter,  
And Zarno other girls may meet,  
And then his love may falter.

*Zarno.* My love will last while life endures,  
Tho' Rachel look not younger ;  
For time, that lighter passions cures,  
Will rivet mine the stronger.

*Both.* Then let us hope, &c.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Salt Mine.*

*Enter down a stair-case RODOMSKO and NACLO.*

*Rod.* Begin your search. (*exit Naclo*) The place is awful—sighs and groans, mixed with the maddening laugh of drunkards, pour along these aisles a discord that chills the very heart—how heavily must woe have weighed him down, that makes this den his dwelling.

*Enter NACLO.*

*Nac.* Look there, my Lord ! behold him wiping from his brow the painful drop of toil.

*Rod.* He comes this way—what gloomy dignity—back—back. (*they retire*)

*Enter*

*Enter ZORINSKI, with a spade.*

Zo. Well toiled to-day;—I often hope that when these over-laboured limbs do press their straw sweet sleep will give a short oblivion to my cares—but oh! then this big heart, forgetful of its fall, beats high, and wakes my brain to recollections that go nigh to mad me—oh, Zorinski!—how, how long will this, thy body's hardihood shake off the gripe of death—shut from the sun, without a hope, without a friend—nay that's not so neither; Zarno, let me not wrong thee varlet—Zarno!

*Enter ZARNO.*

Come hither, fellow—hast been on earth to-day?

Zar. Yes, my Lord! and there's great news above.

Zo. Indeed!

Zar. Going, my Lord, to Cracow, to buy provision, I passed the Diet just as the King—(*Zorinski starts*) my Lord?

Zo. Go on.

Zar. Just as the King came forth; and he looked so kindly on us all—aye as if he'd been our father.

Zo. (*much agitated*) Father of all—and I alone rejected!

Zar. And with him came the Lord Radzano, whom every body supposed dead—he's to be the favourite



favourite now—and the palace your Honour possessed is to be——

*Zo. (much agitated)* Be dumb! have I not often told thee, villain, not to name—begone! (*apart*) What! proud heart, must thou still play the tyrant—will not this dungeon humble thee—oh, shame—Come near me, knave—I was to blame, Zarno.

*Zar.* To blame, my Lord! that you were not; you had a right to be angry; and if you had trod on me, you would have treated me as I deserved: but will you, dear Lord! forgive poor Zarno.

*Zo.* Forgive thee! (*wiping his eyes*) fond fool, 'tis ever thus he makes a woman of me—on with thy tale, Zarno.

*Zar.* Oh! that, that, that was all.

*Zo.* What was all?

*Zar.* That was all—about—about the—(*hesitating*) that is, my Lord—it's dinner time—I've had such an adventure.

*Zo.* As how?

*Zar.* Why, trotting past a kitchen hard by—I had just been to see the King go—(*stops suddenly*) trotting past a kitchen hard by, as hungry as a hunter, a curious stew presented itself—my nose stumbled at it, and I made as dead a set as a dog at a partridge, and was just going to seize, when the chesnut faced cook threw it all over me, and made that an outside covering that I intended for an inside lining.

*Zo.*

Zo. Ha! ha! come we'll in and laugh.

Zar. It smelt so savoury—egad it was fit for a King, (*stops, bits his head*) however, I have a most delicious platter of peas and garlick.

Zo. I cannot feed. (*fighs*)

Zar. Not feed, my Lord?

Zo. No; in thou and eat.

Zar. Yes, my Lord—but you have taken away my appetite.

Zo. Ha! strangers—go in good fellow.

Zar. I will, my Lord—but could not you just pick a bit?

(*Zorinski holds up his finger, Zarino exit bowing*).

Zo. If my eye err not—the Lord Rodomsko—should he know me! that's an idle fear; prosperity hath but a shallow memory; clothe its dearest friend in rags, and on my life it puts him clean beyond his knowledge.

Rod. to Naclo. Stand aloof! (*approaches Zorinski*) Your pardon; but when I behold shut out from man, man's paragon—when in this loathsome mine I find a gem fit to illumine Poland, wonder not that I should wish to take it to my bosom's interest; nor deem me, Sir, impelled by womanish inquisitiveness, when I seek to know the fortunes of a man by fortune hardly dealt with.

Zo. My story is but a dull monotony of sorrow—to repeat it were but to strike again the chord  
of

of dire calamity, and give a lengthened tone to melancholy.

*Rod.* Are you of Poland?

*Zo.* Aye, of the equestrian order.

*Rod.* Gentleman of Poland—that envied dignity’s a blessing——

*Zo.* It has been my curse—born to command—my stubborn nature will not bow to my condition——

“ *Rod.* Sure no crime has stained——

“ *Zo.* Oh! the most monstrous—poverty—  
“ that fiend accursed—the slave whom he en-  
“ counters prostrates in the dust, and by humi-  
“ lity escapes his fangs—but meeting with a  
“ rough, imperious spirit, pride and he around  
“ him twine their venom’d knots, and hold the  
“ victim sure—for know, Lord, though penury  
“ and sorrow be the sad inmates of this bosom,  
“ my soul disdains the curse of benefits—rather  
“ than so—I dungeon here, litter with devils, and  
“ out-toil the hind.”

*Rod.* Brother! are our rights dear to thee?

*Zo.* By the sacred plain of Vola—dearer than fight, for that shews me but a hated world—dear as to the damned the joys of heaven—for I, like them, languish for blessings which I ne’er must taste——

“ *Rod.* Not so—for I will put thee on a pur-  
“ pose that shall mount thy fortunes till they  
“ reach



“ reach the noble elevation of thy soul—make  
“ thee —

“ *Zo.* Pray be careful—so long I’ve banished  
“ hope from this sad breast, that its incursion now  
“ is aching to the sense—drag not, at once, the  
“ dungeon’d wretch before the orb of day, and  
“ blind him with his blessings. Oh, Sir! so long  
“ misfortune’s blasts have driven this rugged  
“ trunk—so long has misery sapped my roots,  
“ and torn away each fibre that sustained me, that  
“ the sun of hope (that greatest good) warms  
“ but to wither—shines but to destroy me”——

*Rod.* Come, cheerly, cheerly—in the chequered  
play of fortune, the best regarded must expect  
mischance—see’st thou the sleeky knaves of the  
court—be wise——mask thy heart, and learn to  
flatter——

*Zo.* Flatter!—I tell thee, Lord! as easy were it for  
our stern Carpathian mountains to shake from  
their rugged brows their everlasting snows, as  
for this tongue to bring forth what this heart doth  
not beget—flatter!——’Sdeath—join gripe with  
what I hate!—strain to my heart its fixed anti-  
pathy!—by Almighty truth, I swear, the poisoned  
twine of adders round this breast were grateful  
to’t—thou know’st me not——

*Rod.* Nor can scarce believe——

*Zo.* Yet, Rodomsko——

*Rod.* Ha! my name!

*Zo.*

Zo. Aye, Lord!—yet, I say, thou wilt believe, when I tell thee that this abject, rugged, heart-broken wretch was once Zorinski——

Rod. Zorinski here!

Zo. What could I do?—live with men to blast me with their pity?—no! when disgrace pursued, I earthed me here, left, Acteon like, I should be hunted by that yelping pack of courtly knaves my bounty had given breath to.

Rod. Oh, Zorinski! again to fold thee, and at an hour of such dread moment.—Oft have I, in the senate, mourned thy loss—but instant leave this den——

Zo. To the world again?—What should I there—but cast a mournful look around, and, on the wide surface of nature, see nothing I could claim, except a grave.

Rod. Away with this—by manhood, 'tis baby weakness!—Oh, Zorinski! there are purposes—*(the noise of a bugle horn is heard above)*—Casimir hawks to-day.

Zo. Aye—Again he treads upon me. *(looking up.)*

Rod. He does—thy fall, Zorinski—nay, droop not man at what should fire thee—thy fall shall be revenged——

Zo. Ha!

Rod. Yes! rouse thee, for vengeance is at hand! The confederated Lords, allied in wrongs,  
are

are ripe for action; and, let but thy aspiring soul resume its energy —

*Zo.* Oh! thou hast poured again into this breast ambition's godlike impulse! Tell me, Rodomsko, can the devotion of this life, this soul, forward the illustrious cause?

*Rod.* Most mightily; for the fate of Poland hangs upon thy breath.

*Zo.* Shall I to the senate there?

*Rod.* 'Twere useless all:—did Reason use Jove's thunder, 'twould be out-roared by the clamorous people, who pay this Casimir a worship, e'en to the wronging of High Heaven! Oh, my friend! action is vengeance's language—thy arm, Zorinski! —

*Zo.* Ah!

*Rod.* I have for thy ear words of deep persuasion and mightiest import—but the time's unfitting—instant leave this hated place.

*Zo.* Foul den, I quit thee, and with thee impotent despondency!—Lead—yet hold—I've here a faithful slave that must not be forgotten—Zarno—

*Enter ZARNO.*

*Zo.* Prepare to leave this place.

*Zar.* My Lord—eh—what—leave this place—O dear—ha hah—I'm so glad of it—an'r you, Sir? (*to RODOMSKO, who frowns.*)

*Zo.*



Zo. Peace, familiar fool.

Rod. There (*throws him a purse*).

Zar. There! (*Aside*) curse his money—a churlish—

Zo. Thou'lt follow, Zarno.

Zar. Oh, to be sure I will. I'll only take leave of my fellow devils, and mount in a twinkling. Oh, I'm so happy! Hollo! hollo!

[RODOMSKO and ZORINSKI *exeunt up the stair-case*.

*Enter Miners.*

Ah! you miserable, jolly dogs, how are you?—In sooth this digging in a salt-mine is very productive; for, while many an honest gentleman above can't get salt to his porridge, you may swallow it by shovels full—farewell to you all.

Miner. Are you going to leave us, Zarno?

Zar. Yes; for though this is certainly a very delectable situation; yet I find, by consulting my glass, it rather annoys the complexion; and my physicians say, that this air induces spleen and melancholy.

Miner. He's mad!

Zar. Mad, am I? Then there (*gives money*)—there's what will make you all drunk; and then you will be as mad as I am. There goes the old carle's money. Drink, devils, drink!

## SONG—ZARNO.

Good bye, my fellow devils dear,  
 Fal, lal, lal, &c.  
 Long time I have been pickling here,  
 Adieu, adieu, adieu !  
 O weep not, friends, because I go,  
 Restrain your briny drops of woe ;  
 Unmanly weeping is a fault ;  
 And tears like yours are wond'rous falt.  
 Fal, lal, lal, &c.

## II.

The mine has made me pale and wan,  
 Fal, lal, lal, &c.  
 Salt cures a hog, but kills a man,  
 Adieu, adieu, adieu !  
 I hope your liquor may be found  
 Not very dead, though under ground ;  
 So rest ye merry while I go !  
 And thus I quit the shades below.  
 Fal, lal, lal, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A view on RADZANO's Estate.*

*Enter WITSKI, followed by WINIFRED.*

*Wit.* But, my dear wife, my dear Winifred,  
 now do stop that tongue of thine.

*Win.* I won't hold my tongue ; and what's more  
 I'll tell Mr. Amalekite how you use me.

*Wit.*

*Wit.* Ay, there it is!—Oh, what a hard lot is mine! if I don't submit to her in every thing, then she threatens to encourage that old amorous Jew!—Now pray be quiet!

*Win.* I won't be quiet—I will have my own way—and I won't be snubbed—and I will be heard!

*Enter O'CURRAGH.*

*O'Cur.* What's all this chatter about?

*Wit.* Winny, Winny, Winny, don't provoke me: you ought to know by this time I am a man.

*Win.* And you ought to know by this time I am a woman.

*Wit.* But zounds! why so loud? Do you want all the world to know you are a woman?

*O'Cur.* No quarreling to day! Come, you cooing turtle,—did ever magpie keep up so damned a chatter?

*Win.* I wont hold my tongue.—Oh, here comes Mr. Amalekite—obey me, or you know what!

*Wit.* Yes, I do know what—(*rubbing his forehead*) and yet I wont submit—If heaven has willed it—why——

*Win.* Heaven's will be done, I say.

*Wit.* An't you surpriz'd, friend?

*O'Cur.* Faith! not much at the thing, but a good deal at her choice; for if horns be the



word, 'tis allowed, I believe, that no one makes  
a bull more neatly than an Irishman.

DUET—WINIFRED and WITSKI.

WINIFRED.

A piper o'er the meadows straying,  
Met a simple maid a maying,  
Straight he won her heart by playing,  
    Fal de ral, &c.  
Wedded, soon each tone grew teasing,  
    Fal de ral, &c.  
His pipe had lost the power of pleasing,  
    Fal de ral, &c.

WITSKI.

Wedlock's laws are hard and griping;  
Women fretful---arts are ripe in;  
'Twas his wife that spoil'd his piping,  
    Fal de ral, &c.  
Her shrill note marr'd every sonnet,  
    Fal de ral, &c.  
And crack'd his pipe, depend upon it,  
    Fal de ral, &c.

WINIFRED.

Silly wives too late discover  
When the honey-moon is over,  
Harsh grows every piping lover,  
    Fal de ral, &c.

WITSKI.

Zounds! why tease morn, night, and noon now,  
    With fal de ral, &c.

WINIFRED.

WINIFRED.

Your pipe, my dear, is out of tune now,  
Fal de ral, &c.

BOTH.

Why then teaze morn, night, and noon now?  
Fal de ral, &c.

*Enter AMALEKITE, and Slaves.*

*Ama.* Fall back there—fall back!—Ah, gossip  
Winifred? (*Takes her hand.*)

*Wit.* O dear! O lord! what shall I do?—I  
can't bear it!—I say Winny, Winny, I yield—  
I submit—any thing——(*pulling her away by  
the gown.*)

*O'Cur.* Was there ever such a hen-pecked fool?  
—But I say (*to AMALEKITE*), have you told the  
peasants that they are now become the slaves of my  
Lord Radzano?

*Ama.* I have: but pray why be they assembled  
now?

*O'Cur.* Because my master is coming hither  
with his sweet bride that is to be, to receive their  
homage.

*Enter RACHEL.*

*Rac.* Oh, dear father, Zarno has left the salt-  
mine!

mine! and he says he'll soon be rich; and then he'll buy me of that old rogue Amalekite!

*Ama.* Will he so, slut? the old rogue will prevent him though. Old rogue! you and your fader shall smart for dat.

*O'Cur.* Stand back!—here comes my lord and his sweet, sweet bride! Now mind your hits all of you. I say, have you the roll with the slaves' names?

*Ama.* Yes; here it is.

*Enter RADZANO and ROSOLIA, attended.*

*Rad.* Surely, sweet! those whose loves run in unruffled smoothness, and never feel Calamity's chill blast cannot taste my joy. Oh, lovely, constant maiden, ne'er was Radzano proud till now!

*Roso.* Constant! bestow not praise on that which not to be, were to be nought. If constancy be worthy praise, be it thine, Radzano, for thou hast sojourned e'en in beauty's court, and yet forgot not thy Rosolia. Look, dear lord, your vassals are assembled: ah! they little know the blessings that await them.

*Rad.* Amalekite, give me the roll; and bid the slaves approach.

*Ama.* (*presenting the roll*). I am much afraid he mean to favor dem!—I no like his looks—Oh, he has a damned benevolent countenance (*aside*).

*Roso.* Poor wretches! how they tremble!

*Rad.*



*Rad.* Approach, and fear not; in this you and your children are registered my slaves, and live but in my will; acknowledge ye your vassalage? (*the slaves prostrate themselves.*)—Rise then, and mark. By this you are recorded slaves; but by this (*tearing the roll*) you are no longer slaves, but men. (*The most extravagant signs of joy are displayed.*) The world's before you:—who will remain with me?

*Peasants.* All, all.

*Rad.* The brightest page of nature's bounteous charter is freedom to her children; that I possess you of: but, oh! condemn not just restraint, else 'twill prove a curse more galling than the most abject slavery tyranny e'er compassed; see, therefore, you abuse it not.

*Roso.* Oh, impossible: while e'en the spade they toiled with was their lord's, vice and sloth possessed them; for what incitement had they to industry? but when they find their labour will cheer their children, and throw content around their humble cots—ah, dear lord, these blessings strike too sweetly on the heart to fear abuse.

*Rad.* Fair advocate, see their hearts thank thee. Come hither, fellow (*to WITSKI*); fear not, man; give me thy hand; for the love I know thou bear'st me, remember this—the mill thou long hast toiled in is thine own.

*Wit.* Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall run mad with joy—I know I shall—*my mill!*

*Ama. (aside.)* Oh, de devil! it is all over vid me.

*Enter Messenger, who gives a paper to RADZANO.*

*Mess.* From the king.

*Rad.* The royal mandate calls me to council; the king doth here entreat thy pardon for thus anticipating widowhood; and bids thee, sweet! prepare thy lute, that jocundly this night may pass in mirth and minstrelsy: till night, then, farewell, dear mistress.

*Roso.* Heaven speed your councils: my lowly duty to the king.

*Rad.* Guards, attend. [*Exit ROSOLIA attended.* O'Curragh, my faithful fellow, observe Rodomsko: if you should suspect him—

*O'Cur.* Oh, I don't suspect him at all; I know he's a rogue.

*Rad.* Should his conduct threaten danger, on the instant hie thee to Cracow; remember. Freemen, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Wit.* Yonder he goes;—now he's at the top of the hill;—see, he waves his hand to us;—heaven blest him! heaven blest him!—"Freemen, farewell."—Oh! my head, my head.—I'm sure I shall go mad; I feel I shall. I'll run home and  
tell

the cow and the mill:—*my mill, only think of that!—(Walks backwards and forwards, and each time jostles AMALEKITE, without noticing him.)—*Damme! I'm a man, a freeman, and a gentleman. (*To O'CUR.*) Sir, I shall be proud to see you at my mansion—*my mansion*—that's right, is not it?

O'Cur. To be sure; you are lord of it, and may knock any man's brains out that comes in without your leave.

Wit. May I though?—ecod, that's jolly—he! he! he!—Then I'll tell you what, (*to AMALEK.*) if ever I catch that black muzzle within the portico of my mill, I'll grind you into sausages; I will, you ugly dog! Wife, now we'll see who's man of the house.—Wife.

Win. Oh, my dear Witski!

Wit. Silence, silence; there. (*Gives her his hand to kiss.*) That's right, is not it?—he! he! he!

Win. I'm dumb, but don't be angry.

Wit. Angry! I could not be angry if I would—he! he!—come buss me.

Ama. Gossip Winifred.

Win. Keep off, man! I only encouraged you as a scarecrow to frighten my husband:—but now—faugh!

Wit. Well said, Winny.—Ah, Rachel, my girl, kiss thy honoured parent.

Rac. Oh, father, won't you let me marry Zarno?

Wit.



*Wit.* Aye, to-morrow morning, with all my heart and soul.

*Rac.* And here he comes.

*Enter ZARNO.*

*Zar.* Joy, joy, joy to ye all!—I've heard the news. Ah, dear Rachel, (*pushing aside AMALEK.*) I'm so happy.

*Rac.* And so fine!

*Wit.* Ecod, that he is.

*Zar.* Am I, think you?—yes, pretty well:—fword, and cap, and altogether, eh?—yes, it's not shewy, but neat; it's becoming. Now, my jolly dad that is to be. (*Walks about, jostling AMALEK.*)

*O'Cur.* How do you do, Mr. Amalekite; you don't seem to comprehend what's going forward here: will you try your hand at that, (*gives a paper,*) there's your quietus for you.

*Ama.* (*drops the paper.*) My discharge! bless my conscience.—(*Is going out despondingly.*)

*Zar.* You move rather slow; come, for old acquaintance sake, I'll give you a lift (*pushes him off*).—Just set him a-going.

*O'Cur.* Oh, it was time to put a stop to such a rogue. Now I'm to be steward; which is an office—an office—oh! first I am to take particular care to receive the rents of such tenants as won't pay; and secondly, to see that no one behaves improperly,

properly, without my overlooking him : yes, that's it.—Now I must away to the castle.

*Zar.* O there are to be great doings there ; the king is to be there ; and, Rachel, you shall be there : I'll meet thee to-night in the wood, the old place ; and then to-morrow when the friar comes :—oh, you blushing, tempting rogue !

*Wit.* Now, brother freemen, to our homes—drink prosperity to our deliverer, and be merry and happy all the rest of our lives.

SONG *and* CHORUS.

WITSKI, WINIFRED, ZARNO, RACHEL, *and*  
O'CURRAGH.

WITSKI.

No longer a ninny,  
But lord of my mill,  
With my jug and my Winny,  
Full jorums I'll swill.

WINIFRED.

Ever constant and humble,  
Your Winifred shall prove,  
And, without e'en a grumble,  
Obediently love.

CHORUS.

La, la, la, &c.

RACHEL.

## ZORINSKI;

RACHEL.

In a salt-mine so drearily,  
Of the dumps you'd your swing,  
But now brisk and cheerily,  
With Rachel you sing.

ZARNO.

Let the tabor go bing bang,  
The pipe shrilly play,  
The sweet guitar go ting tang,  
On Zarno's wedding day.

CHORUS.

La, la, la, &amp;c.

O'CURRAGH.

Then dance, sing, and caper,  
Ye merry men so gay,  
And while briskly plays the scraper,  
For liberty huzza !

CHORUS.

Then dance, sing, and caper,  
Ye merry men so gay, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in RODOMSKO'S  
Castle.*

*Enter RODOMSKO and NACLO.*

*Rod.* I tell thee, fellow, Zorinski will be won.—  
Where are thy comrades ?

*Nac.*



*Nac.* Shrouded in the neighbouring forest.

*Rod.* Bring them hither ; but see they hold no converse with my people. Be firm, good Naclo ; for my confidence rests weightily upon thee.

[*Exit NACLO.*]

Within there !

*Enter Servant.*

Bid anon my daughter touch her lute.—[*Exit Servant.*—For now the bloody purpose being unfolded, all traps must be set for him.—Ha ! he approaches, and in heavy rumination.

*Enter ZORINSKI.*

*Zo.* Though Casimir has sorely urged me to revenge, by the most galling wrongs, yet to murder—

*Rod.* (*taking his hand.*) Was Brutus then a murderer ? Genius of Poland, where sleepest thou, when thy patricians shrink from atchieving what those of Rome contended for ?

*Zo.* Grant he ought to die, yet—soft—(*a lute is heard behind, which plays some time*)—what heavenly sounds !—much I thank thee, unknown minstrel, for thy enchantment has prisoned down the hell-born passions that possessed me, and soothed my soul to tranquil melancholy.

*Rod.* 'Twas my daughter's lute.—Within there—Rofolia !—see, she approaches.

*Zo.*

*Zo. (starts)* What magic sweetness!—do not wonder at me; for so long these eyes have been unused to look on beauty, that its inroad now riots my pulse, e'en perhaps to boyish folly—let me avoid its witchery (*going*).

*Rod.* Hold!

*Enter ROSOLIA.*

*Ros.* What wills my father?

*Rod.* Where hast been, my girl?

*Ros.* Enjoying the richest luxury of greatness—seeing the poor made happy.

*Rod.* Aye, by whom?

*Ros.* E'en my intended lord—(*Zorinski starts*) this day he hath given freedom to his vassals, and much I joyed to behold wretched man rescued from abject slavery.

*Zo.* Loveliest maiden, thy tender nature ne'er can impose chains, save those of love's soft thralldom.

*Rod.* By heaven he's caught—Rosolia, I here present thy father's dearest friend.

*Ros.* Deign, Sir, to receive my hearty greeting.

*Zo. (salutes her)* The fascinating poison thrills my every nerve—all powerful love—love—art mad Zorinski—thou who scorn'st to flatter others—be to thyself consistent—"Is this rugged frame  
"shaped for love's soft dalliance—do amorous  
"whispers

“whispers, soft as the zephyr, come from a voice  
“chill and furly as the northern blast?”—is this  
scowling eye, now rife with murder, a place for  
Cupids to ambush in?—mockery all—yet, on my  
soul, I dare not trust my eyes to look upon her.

*Roso.* He seems much moved.

*Rod.* Thou hast done well, my girl—bid him  
farewell, and get thee in.

*Roso.* Tho’ ignorant in what; I am right glad  
I’ve pleased you, father—Courteous Sir! [sweet  
peace be with you. [Exit.

*Zo.* That will never be again—(*aside*) talked  
she not of marriage?

*Rod.* Aye, with the young lord Radzano—’tis a  
match of the King’s making.

*Zo.* (*with surly irritation*) Casimir, do’st thou  
again thwart me?

*Rod.* E’en now the King is journeying hither  
with his young friend, to consummate the union.

*Zo.* Happy Radzano—wedded, and to-mor-  
row?

*Rod.* Aye, but, should a real friend to Poland  
think her worthy——never.

*Zo.* Ha!

*Rod.* Oh, Zorinski! act but to-night as doth  
become thee—vindicate thy own wrongs, avenge  
the Lords of Poland, and receive my daughter to  
thy arms; for by her blushing beauties I swear  
she’s thine.

*Zo.*



*Zo.* Oh, Rodomsko! tempt me not beyond man's bearing.

*Rod.* Dull man, I tempt thee to a throne—Casimir being disposed of—his place must be supplied; and whom will thy peers deem so fit to guard their rights, as he who crushed their fell destroyer.

*Zo.* If thou wilt place before me temptations more than mortal, he must be more than mortal that resists—by hell I'm thine—Casimir or Zorinski falls—so may my soul find life or death eternal.

*Rod.* But this night.

*Zo.* The better.

*Rod.* And mark; should chance so order it; bring Casimir alive—the Confederate Lords demand him for their vengeance—a band, whose steely hearts are riveted with oaths, will aid thee.

*Zo.* I need them not—let daws cling together—the eagle flies alone.

*Rod.* Away with this romantic folly—within there is prepared a solemn sacrament, think on't.

*Zo.* If thou would'st have me act this deed; oh let me *not* think, Rodomsko—but on the instant give me the deadly oath—aye, 'tis well conceived—'twill save revolt and cowardly compunction—for oh the dread interval will be a hellish purgatory, but it leads to a heaven of blifs—

bliss—so love and proud ambition receive your votary ! [Exit.

*Rod.* My soul is satisfied.

*O'CURRAGH enters behind, seeing RODOMSKO retire.*

Now bustle all—Rosolia—my daughter—stir, wench.

*Enter ROSOLIA.*

Prepare to leave the castle instantly.

*Roso.* My father !

*Rod.* Question not why nor where.

*Roso.* Oh ! Sir.

*Rod.* Be dumb—within there.

*Enter SERVANT.*

Arm fifty chosen vassals—and to the southern inlet of the forest speed with my horses—away.

[Exit Servant.

*Roso. (kneels)* Oh my father ! if humanity dwell in you, ease this heart—kill not your daughter's happiness.

*Rod.* Thy happiness, weak girl ! Zorinski will take good care of that.

*Roso.* Zorinski !

*Rod.* I tell thee, the fate of Poland is in suspense—along I say,

D

*Roso.*

*Roso.* Rather take my life.

*Rod.* It will not serve my turn—No struggling  
—your chamber, your chamber. [*Exeunt.*

*O'CURRAGH comes forward.*

Oh, oh! there bids fair to be foul play here. Oh, the confusion of all Ireland upon that Rodomsko, I say! What the devil shall I do? If I go to my lord at Cracow, I can't very conveniently stay here to see what will become of his lady—Oh! if this head would but prevent a mistake by blundering on what's right—I have it—I'll follow her, and if losing my life will enable me to take her away with me, I'll do it with all the pleasure in nature. Oh! to die for such a lady, and such a master, is what no faithful servant would ever repent of. [*Exit.*

*Enter RODOMSKO and NACLO.*

*Rod.* Now, good Naclo, spirit up thy comrades. Are they at hand? (*Naclo beckons.*)

*Enter Assassins.*

Ye spirits of noble daring! this night acquit yourselves, and you are made for ever; there's to cheer you (*throws money*). Naclo, your leader



leader will anon meet you—be firm, good Naclo.

[*Exit.*

*Naclo.* Now, gentlemen, set hands and hearts to the business—night is coming on apace, and then——(*laying his hand on his sword*)

*1st Assassin.* Fear us not, comrade.

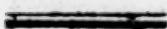
CHORUS OF ASSASSINS.

While the hideous night is scowling,  
While the savage bear is growling,  
Thro' the dismal forests prowling,  
First with stealing step, and hush,  
Then, like a torrent, on we rush,  
And immolate our foe.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.—Night.*

*Enter O'CURRAGH.*

O'Cur. Oh ! I'm sure mischief is going forward, everything is so peaceable, and torches keep flashing about like a battalion of jack-lanterns—one good thing is, that the old rogue Rodomsko has lost his way and his attendants; there was such a train of them, that I found the best mode of pursuing was getting before them. Oh ! he hauls my sweet lady along there, as if she were his wife instead of his daughter—now's your time, O'Curragh ! Oh, Saint Patrick ! I'll just beg leave to trouble you for five minutes (*retires*).

*Enter ROSOLIA, leaning on RODOMSKO.*

Ros. Indeed, I can no further.

Rod. Nay, good Rosolia ! come—wayward and stubborn ! on, I say—those vile erring slaves,  
not

not to return—my curses on them! entangled in this labyrinth, each step bewilders more—ha! their torches gleam thro' yonder valley—(*During this, O'CURRAGH attracts the attention of ROSOLIA*) Who's there?

*Ros.* (*with apprehension*) 'Tis your faithful slave, Kalish.

*Rod.* Right glad am I of that—(*still looking after his vassals*)—death and hell! they take their course athwart! good Kalish! tarry with Rosolia—stir not, be sure—but I know thy honesty. [*Exit.*

*O'Cur.* For once, old gentleman, you have spoken truth by mistake.

*Ros.* Oh! save me, good fellow.

*O'Cur.* This way, sweetest lady!

*Ros.* Oh! Radzano, where art thou? perhaps e'en now the victim of foul conspiracy; where will my sorrows end!

*O'Cur.* Oh! put your trust in Saint Patrick, out and out the genteelest saint in the calendar.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Scene draws and discovers ZORINSKI with a Sabre in his hand, leaning despondingly against the Arm of a Tree.*

*Enter ZARNO.*

*Zar.* What can make Rachel tarry so? it's an infernal night! it rains, blows, thunders, and whew! — this is weather to try a lover in— Where can Rachel be—(*sees Zorinski*) What— eh! my master here and his sabre in his hand— my mind misgives me! Oh! some villany of that rogue Rodomsko. (*Seeing Zorinski come forward, retires.*)

*Zo.* Oh! Zorinski, how art thou fallen?— confederate with hired assassins—fettered by deadly oaths—how changed the face of all things?—the heav'ns seem grim'd with pitch as black as Acheron, and the rustling wind strikes on my ear e'en as the hissing of hell's serpents. (*Zarno approaches, Zorinski starts*) Oh, all the devils! do I tremble?

*Zar.* My Lord!

*Zo.* Zarno, thou did'st not say I trembled.

*Zar.* Dear Lord! you are pale, and your voice falters—I fear you are very ill.

*Zo.* Yes, that's it, that's it, good Zarno—my pulse is fevered, and that effects the brain—(*with solemnity*)

*solemnity*) a little blood spilt, and all will be well—leave me, Zarno.

Zar. What! Zarno leave you when you are ill? oh, no! Ah, master! don't you remember in the mine when an ague shook you, how Zarno watched you, and when I blubbered over you—you wept too.

Zo. Yes, there was a time when I could weep. Zarno, I charge thee leave this place!

Zar. Oh! dear Lord—

Zo. (*bearing a noise*) Hush! not a breath.

[*Exit.*

Zar. Some horrid purpose possesses him—now he stops.

*Enter ROSOLIA and O'CURRAGH.*

Zar. Who's there?

Ros. Oh, stranger! aid an unhappy maiden, who, torn from her soul's only hope, and well nigh dead with weariness, humbly implores thy succour, to unwind the mazes of this wood, and lead her on her way to Cracow. (*Zarno still looks after his master*) Radzano will reward thee.

Zar. (*turns round*) Good heavens! the lady Rosolia, and here—dear lady, I'll go with you to the world's end—only I've a little business here, that—(*returns to his observation*)

Ros. Come then, good fellow!

Zar. Yes; I'm coming (*moving from her*).

O'Cur. Hark you; that may be coming; but it looks so like going, that you will please to move this way.

Zar. Unhand me, or—lady, pardon me—but you—I—my master—I wont leave him—I have it—hard by there's a mill, mention the name of Zarno, and you'll find protection (*again looking out*).

Ros. Oh! guide us to it.

Zar. Well, I'll walk a little way with you: there (*walks a few yards and then stops*), there now, that's the road, right along there (*pointing one way, and looking another*); good fortune attend you, lady Oh, my unhappy master!

O'Cur. Is it kept by one Witski?

Zar. It is.

O'Cur. How lucky! an old friend of mine, that I made acquaintance with this morning.

Zar. Oh, Zorinski! oh, my master!

Ros. Zorinski! away—away—

O'Cur. Don't droop, dear mistress; for tho' you have but one man to protect you, yet consider, that one is an Irishman.

[*Exeunt Rosolia and O'Curragh.*]

Zar. What can this mean? she afraid of him—  
Eh! here he comes again.

*Enter*



*Enter ZORINSKI.*

Zo. Will the hour never come? I'm glad my faithful Zarno left me—his fondness tore my heart strings!—not gone—avaunt! I say—

Zar. Don't look so terrible—oh! don't—you frighten me so I can't go—oh! master, there is murder in your eye! if it were day-light, I would not mind it—I should like to see you fight in day-light: but none but assassins stab in the dark.

Zo. Horrid truth!

Zar. Oh! master, quit this place; let us return to the dear dreary mine again! did not I hear the tread of horses? (*agitated.*)

Zo. Look out!

Zar. Yes, I will—but pray don't leave me (*more alarmed*).

Zo. Look out, I say!

Zar. Yes; oh Lord!

[*Exit.*

Zo. My senses are benumbed—I'm very faint—but thy oath, thy oath, Zorinski! there I'm firm again.

*Enter ZARNO.*

Zar. Oh! dear master, all my fears are over.

Zo. Who is it?

Zar. Pardon, dear Lord, what a rogue was I to think the great Zorinski could swerve from honor—I feared it was some rival, or——

Zo.

Zo. Who is't, I say?

Zar. Thank heaven, none that you can harm!  
It's the King (*with a smile*).

Zo. Ha! (*grasps his sword*.)

Zar. O God! O master!—What?—Impossible!—

Zo. Discord is at large!—Oh, for a tyger's fury!—

Zar. (*lays hold of his cloak*) Oh, think a moment——

Zo. Cling not to me thus—away, I say!  
(*ZARNO runs round, and falls on his knees before him.*) Villain!

Zar. Yes, I am—any thing; reproach me; spurn me; kill me——Zorinski an assassin! my Lord a traitor!—I can't bear it. Oh, think of dishonor? think of your soul! think of Zarno!

Zo. In vain, in vain: were he guarded by the Furies I would seize him! (*as he is rushing forward, ZARNO jumps back, draws his sword and opposes him.*) Ha! raise thy arm against thy master's life!

Zar. Do not you raise your arm against your master's life.

Zo. O hell! he's right!—Zarno, thou art sadly changed; I've seen thee draw to *save* my life.

Zar. And now I draw to save what's dearer, your honour, your soul. You pass not—no! I  
would

would rather see you dead at my feet, and I the man that laid you there, than suffer you to pass.

Zo. Baffled by a slave! (*clashing of swords without.*) Ha! the work of death's begun! see how their sabres gleam!—Brave not my fury—give way——

Zar. No, by heaven! (*with firmness.*)

Zo. Hark! 'tis Vengeance calls—then take thy death, vile slave! (*fight, he wounds ZARNO, and exit.*)

Zar. Heaven forgive him! Let me but live to see—(*staggers to the side of the stage, supporting himself on his sword;*) how dim my eyes are—ah! see he rushes among them; he bears down all before him—ah! now he seizes the King—and now he——Oh! (*falls.*)

*Enter RACHEL.*

Rac. What clashing of swords!—oh! I shall sink with fear! Zarno! Zarno!

Zar. (*faintly*) Here.

Rac. O Zarno! bleeding!

Zar. O cruel master! cruel master!

Rac. Was it he that did it? Monster! is this a return for a fond servant's love?

Zar. Did I say it was my master? did I?—no, Rachel, no.

Rac. Come, try to reach the mill; for poor Rachel's sake try.

*Zar.*



*Zar.* Well, I'll try (*rises*). Only this—you know, Rachel, the words of a dying man are awful: then hear mine—it was not my master that did this—remember, Rachel, it was not my master. [*Exeunt, RACHEL supporting him.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood—Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter ZORINSKI, pulling in CASIMIR.*

*Zo.* On, I charge thee!

*Cas.* This wounded frame can go no farther.

*Zo.* Now, ye fiends! ye who first instilled into my soul your damning purpose, nerve but my arm to strike the blow! (*thunder*) O God of Justice! why hurl thy bolts of fate to scare the peaceful grove, when I stand here a wretch, and court the vengeful shaft? Hark! a noise again!—delay were fatal—on, on, or here thou diest!

*Cas.* Here be it then—I tell thee, base assassin!—

*Zo.* Thou wrong'st me, King! I am no common stabber—view me well—have the wrongs thou hast inflicted on me so furrowed o'er my visage—has despair so grimly marked me for her own, that thou rememb'rest not!—Know then 'tis Zorinski strikes.

*Cas.*

*Cas.* Zorinski!—But oh! is't possible—can thy soul be reconciled to treason?

*Zo.* (*aside*) How that shot through me!

*Cas.* Art thou content that future ages shall use thy great name to curse with?

*Zo.* My hair bristles, and my teeth chatter!—Peace, I charge thee!

*Cas.* Those convulsive throbs speak virtue in thee. Oh, obey it's sacred impulse! behold thyself thy King's deliverer! see hands and hearts hail thee thy country's saviour! think how the good will pray for thee, and ages bless thy name!

*Zo.* O let me with repentant—ah! is not the deadly oath sworn?—Hell, I'm faithful to thee!—Who is't that holds my arm?—(*a bugle is heard at a distance*) Ha! again—now—(*raising his arm*).

*Cas.* A moment's pause.—O God, shield with thy arm omnipotent my dear, ill-fated Poland! receive my parting spirit! and oh, forgive this man!—Now, traitor, strike.

*Zo.* (*after a struggle*) Oh, impossible! (*falls at the King's feet, then recovers himself on his knee.*) Oh, Casimir! oh, my King! how shall I look upon that injured face.

*Cas.* Zorinski! the fiery trial past, gives thee to my heart more pure—(*a whistle*)—Hark! thy comrades!

*Zo.*

*Zo. (starts up and recovers his sword)* Let them come on; this weight of guilt taken from this arm I will protect thee, King. Virtue's electric fire to spring's each nerve, that did Nature loose her ravenous kind—did hell oppose its ministers of blood, I seem as with one blow I could sweep them to destruction.

*Caf.* I'm faint—my wound begins to torture.

*Zo.* Horror! 'twas not my sword—'twas not my sword, my King, that wounded thee; for e'en in that guilty moment, I struck the villain dead that did inflict it.

*Caf.* Give me thy arm.

*Zo.* See, the moon dares shine again!—Can'st thou forgive me?—Thou may'st; but can heaven?

*Caf.* No more: thou hast unclogg'd thy soul of treason—Treason, that most hideous monster, which with one blow severs a nation's peace, tramples down law, that barrier of existence, and gives to him most triumph, who most shall murder and destroy. [Exeunt, King leaning on ZORINSKI.

#### SCENE IV.—*A Mill.*

*Enter WITSKI from the Mill.*

*Wit.* O dear, O dear, I do so overflow with joy, that I'm quite miserable! I can't eat, and I  
13 can't

can't sleep—thank heaven, I can just contrive to drink a little, else—what a rate my mill went all day!—clack, clack, clack! Winny's tongue had no chance with it.—And then to think of the sweet lady Rosolia seeking protection in my mansion—there's an honour!

*Zorinski (behind).* Hollo!

*Wit.* What! an enemy may be. Then I'll retire into my castle, and parley from the battlements (*goes in*).

*Enter CASIMIR and ZORINSKI.*

*Zo.* Within there (*strikes his sword against a window*).

*Wit/ski (above).* Stand off, or I've a cross-bow here will send a choice collection of bullets into your pate. Break one of my windows, you robbers!

*Zo.* Give instant entrance, or I'll force my way.

*Wit.* Know all men, I am lord of my castle; have been so—aye, thirteen hours; and will knock any man's brains out that enters without my leave.

*Cas.* Are you lord of it?—Prove then you deserve the title, by giving succour to the unfortunate.

*Wit.*



*Wit.* Oh, there's no standing that (*comes down*).  
You must know I am lord of this—

*Zo.* Leave prating, and instant lend thy aid.

*Cas.* Your King demands it—(*Wit/ski drops on his knees*)—give me your assistance.

*Wit.* Oh no, heaven forbid that I should dare to think of such a thing.—Oh, no.

*Cas.* I want not thy obedience, but thy service ;  
I faint for very weariness.

*Enter ROSOLIA, O'CURRAGH, and WINIFRED,  
from the Mill.*

*Roso.* Sure that voice—heavenly powers ! the king !

*Cas.* With equal wonder I behold thee, fair maiden.

*Roso.* Oh, Sire, forgive me, if thus untimely I press my private griefs :—where is my lord ?—Oh ! does Radzano live ?

*Cas.* E'en now we parted near your father's castle.

*Ros.* O'Curragh, fly ! [Exit O'CUR.

*Cas.* But whether he live or no—(*looks at ZORINSKI, who is agitated with shame and remorse.*)

*Ros.* Oh, horror ! he here !

*Zo.* Fear not, wronged lady, the basilisk has lost its power to harm.

*Cas.* Lead me in. [Exit with ROSOLIA.

*Zo.*

*Zo.* Fairest innocent! and has this withering arm blasted thy joys?—Oh, was not my agony enough before!—How came she here?

*Wit.* Zarno sent her. Would you chuse to walk in? (*goes towards the door.*)

*Zo.* Zarno! Zarno!—(*with vacant wildness.*) Soft—good brain, collect thyself.—Sure I saw him in the forest—and he went—no—ah! now hellish recollection darts upon me—he wept—he begged me—he clung to me, and I—(*as if choaked with grief, makes the motion of stabbing.*)—Oh! I am deeply damned for that—the only soul on earth that loved me; never servant so loved a master—(*weeps*)—and I to stab, oh!—eh! perhaps he yet lives—perhaps—here, slave.

*Wit.* I beg your pardon, Sir, but I am not a slave.

*Zo.* I care not what thou art.

*Wit.* I am—

*Zo.* Be dumb.—Mark; take this sword; guard well the door; I'll return anon.—Oh, Zarno! Zarno! [*Exit.*

*Wit.* He's mad—the poor devil's mad!

*Win.* Now, my dear Witki, I'll tell you what—

*Wit.* What, you are beginning your chatter.

*Win.* Nay now, only hear me, that's a dear man. You know, husband, his majesty has fa-

voured us with his company at our house; very well! then, you know, it will be but civil to return the visit.

*Wit.* Certainly; he'll naturally expect it.

*Win.* Well; and so I was a thinking that some new fur put upon my Sunday's cap, with rose-coloured ribbons, and my new ruffet gown will do to—

*Rosolia (within).* What, miller, ho!

*Wit. (stopping Winifred's mouth.)* You will keep gabble, gabble. Confound you, is not his majesty within hearing? and an't I his sword-bearer?—Hush, I must guard the door; and, do you hear? keep the cats and the dogs quiet—hush, softly. *[Exeunt into the mill.]*

#### SCENE V.—*Wood.*

*Enter RACHEL, leading in ZARNO.*

*Rac.* Come, dear Zarno, see, yonder's the mill;—you look better.

*Zar.* Do I, Rachel?

*Rac.* Far better, since with my hair I stopt the bleeding of your wound.

*Zar.* 'Tis not my wound, Rachel; it's here, it's here; my heart's broken, Rachel,—Oh, my  
master

master——Let me rest here awhile, it will give me strength (*lies down*).

*Enter ZORINSKI.*

Zo. Zarno—alive——(*runs to him, and kneels*)

Zar. Ah, Rachel, hide me—don't touch me—  
don't touch me——

Zo. How art thou, Zarno? Shrink not from me—I come to comfort thee.

Zar. Comfort—say, then, (*in a low tone, and getting near him*) lives the King?

Zo. What is that to thee? (*Zarno shrinks from him*) he does! he does!

Zar. What lives—lives—ha! ha! ha! (*faints*)

Zo. Soft, he recovers—how art thou Zarno?

Zar. Better—well—very well—but are you not deceiving me?

Zo. No, on my soul——Zarno, I am not so damned a villain as thou think'st me (*with an agony of grief, hiding his face*).

Zar. I think you a villain! dear honoured master, where is your hand? (*kisses it*)

Zo. Let me convey thee to a place of safety.

Zar. I can walk—can walk very well.

Zo. Art thou—art thou—much wounded, Zarno? (*with shame*)

Rac. Oh yes——



*Zar. (stopping her)* A scratch—a scratch—it's joy makes me so weak—I'm very troublesome—I can walk alone.

*Zo.* Psha! rest on me, good fellow.

*Zar.* I'm afraid I lean very heavily.

*Zo.* Prythee be quiet—see'st thou that mill—the King is there—we shall easily reach it.

*Zar.* O yes, dear master, unless I die with joy by the way—I'm quite asham'd.

*Zo.* Come, rest firmly on me—there—there.

[*Excunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*Inside of the Mill.*

CASIMIR *discovered asleep on a Pallet*, ROSOLIA *watching him*, WITSKI *guarding the door.*

### SONG—WINIFRED.

Than envied Monarchs happier still,  
 O! happier far, the Peasant;  
 No treason lurks around his mill,  
 No terror breaks his slumbers pleasant.  
 Yet one must fill the regal seat,  
 With care incessant pressing;  
 E'en to preserve those slumbers sweet,  
 His lowly, happy cottage, blessing.

### II.

Then fly not now, O gentle sleep,  
 Fly not our humble dwelling,  
 His anguish in oblivion steep,  
 The image of the past repelling.

And

And such soft visions of delight,  
 From airy fancy borrow,  
 As he deserves whose watchful night  
 From us poor Peasants drives forth sorrow.

*(A knocking at the Door.)*

*Cas.* (*awakes*) What refreshing sleep—heaven, accept my thanks—Rosolia! droop’st thou for thy love—fear not his safety—have I not seen him in the field—believe me, he must be champion indeed who spoils Radzano—hostess, I thirst.

*Win.* Here, your Majesty, ’s a cup of wine; all our poor house affords.

*Casimir is about to drink, when the knocking at the door is repeated.*

*Cas.* Open, good fellow—and fear nothing.

*Enter ZORINSKI and RACHEL, leading ZARNO.*

Poor wretch—he faints—lead me to him (*approaches Zarno, who looks faintly on him*): here poor knave, drink this; thy wants far exceed mine—drink, ’twill refresh thee.

*Zar.* Oh no.

*Cas.* Do as I bid thee.—(*Zarno drinks.*)—has’t done thee good, knave?

*Zar.* Oh yes.

*Cas.*

*Caf.* And me abundant. Come, thou look'st more cheerly; thou art better.

*Zar.* Better! I never was so well in my life.

*Ros.* It grieves me in such base sort to see your highness.

*Caf.* Not so, fair one! am I not with my people, with those who love me?—Come, mine host, thy fire (*to WITSKI*).—Wilt thou to court, and grow great? (*sighs, and shakes his head.*)

*Wit.* Please your majesty, I can't leave my trade.

*Caf.* Why, knave?

*Wit.* Because I have a wife; and, to confess the truth to your majesty, Winny has certainly a happy knack at sprightly conversation.

*Caf.* (*to ROSOLIA, smiling.*) Hear'st thou the slanderer?

*Wit.* So when she lets her tongue go, I let my mill go, clack for clack: I could not manage without my mill.

*Caf.* Ha! ha! I'll build thee one upon the Vistula; thou shalt be the greatest miller in Poland (*trumpet without*).

*Enter RADZANO.*

*Rad.* My gracious King! (*kneels*)

*Caf.* Radzano, thrice welcome—said I not, Rosolia, this arm would prove victorious?

*Rof.* My dearest lord!

*Rad.* Pardon, dear mistress, what stern duty compels—Rodomirko was found wandering in the forest, deserted by his people.

*Rof.* (*kneeling to Casimir*) Oh, merciful Casimir!

*Cas.* (*raising her*) Fear nothing—let him live—but not in Poland.

*Rad.* See, how your loving subjects, bearing their rustic arms, press on to guard you.

*Enter Soldiers and Peasants armed.*

*Cas.* What a proud moment!—heaven give me strength to bear this rushing joy—trust me, my people, the dangers I have passed will but give energy to fresh exertion—yes, like the fertilizing Vistula, mild yet irresistible, I'll open wide the current of my justice, until the humblest peasant of my state shall taste its blessings.

#### FINALE.

##### CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Let the loud rattling drum and the trumpet's shrill clang,  
That in battle our heroes have nerved;  
Now aid the rough soldier in rapturous song,  
For his King and his country preserved.

PEASANTS.



## ZORINSKI.

## PEASANTS.

Let the happy peasant join,  
 And his humble lay combine,  
 While joy in every face shall shine,  
 Throughout the realm of Poland.

Every honest tongue shall sing,  
 Every happy valley ring,  
 For Heaven has restor'd our King,  
 And happiness to Poland.

## ZARNO.

Blessed with Peace and Liberty,  
 My life shall pass in merry glee,  
 With little Zarnos on my knee,  
 And Rachel dear so clever.

WINIFRED *and* RACHEL.

Should our artless story move,  
 And you, our valued friends, approve,  
 With warmest gratitude and love,  
 We are your slaves forever.

## CHORUS.

Let the happy peasant, &c.

4 AP 54

THE END.

